

THE ⁹⁵⁰²
LOVER'S WEB.
A
POEM.

Inscribed to the
Lady CAROLINE SACKVILLE.

Ingeniosus Amor.

Ovid.

By WILLIAM DUNKIN, M. A.



D U B L I N :

Printed by George Faulkner, in Essex-Street, opposite to
the Bridge, M,DCC,XXXIV.

Done

THE
FLOWERS W.E.B.

P.O.E.M.

Inscribed to the

Lady CAROLINE JACKMAN

One



BY WILLIAM W.B.



DUBLIN

Printed by George Faulkner, in the Strand, opposite to
the Bridge, M.DCCCXXXIV.

THE

Lover's W E B.

TO thee, blest Nymph, whom Princely Courts
refine,

An artless Muse this rural Present brings;

To thee, Descendant of the tuneful Nine,

Of humble Loves in Numbers rude she sings,

Such Loves as flow from pure unborrow'd Charms:

In Numbers, such as native Fancy warms.

Nor thou, fair Semblance of thy Mother Fair,

Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace, her Lays disdain;

(No Notes she brings to violate thine Ear,

No Thoughts to cost thy Virgin Cheeks a Stain).

While on thy Sire sublimer Cares await,

A Monarch's Glory, and a Nation's Fates

In

III.

In * *Lerne's* fruitful Vales a lovely Maid,
 Of lowly Parentage, but gentle Mind,
 Dwelt in fresh Prime of rosy Youth display'd,
 The Pride and growing Envy of her Kind;
 Her many Swains with wishful Fancy fir'd,
 Flock'd far to see, and all, who saw, admir'd.

IV.

But she, superior to the shining Toys
 Of looser Maidens, indolent with Ease,
 Fled the soft Mazes of bewitching Joys,
 And spent at Home her long laborious Days;
 Virtue (she knew) which guards the comely Dame,
 Expos'd to Crowds, but ill defends her Fame.

V.

Her Bosom purer than the crystal Stream,
 Gliding o'er Silver Sands from Fountain fair,
 For ever cheerful fed the pious Flame
 Of undissembled Faith and Friendship rare;
 No meaner Guests within that Temple dwelt,
 No grosser Flames, for Love she never felt.

VI.

No Arts she studied to improve her Charms,
 Sometimes she carol'd to the circling Wheel,
 Sometimes the Distaff grac'd her Snowy Arms,
 Her Hands the Spindle or the telling Reel:
 Her Hoary Parents thus the Virgin cheers,
 And grateful Youth rewards the Care of Years.

But

* *A Village in the County of Antrim.*

VII.

No Pleasure she indulg'd, but balmy Rest,
 Begot by Labour, far from Sloth remov'd,
 Blest in her Parents, in her Duty blest,
 Content she priz'd, and Solitude she lov'd ;
 But fought in vain ; however dark the Way,
 Love guides his Steps, if Beauty dart a Ray.

VIII.

As from a Bank of many-colour'd Flow'rs,
 In some fair Garden, fann'd by vernal Breeze,
 Which mild *Aurora* bath'd with pearly Show'rs,
 Such Sweets arise, as wake the distant Bees ;
 From various Parts the rival Insects strive
 To bear the liquid Nectar to their Hive.

IX.

So spreads the Fame of this unblemish'd Maid,
 Of Youths enamour'd crowd such rival Swarms,
 Lavish of Wealth, in gayest Dress array'd,
 From various Parts, to feed upon her Charms ;
 They look and long ; she shews the splendid Feast,
 But Miser-like forbids her Guests to taste.

X.

Among the love-sick Train a noted Youth
 In manly Actions bore the primest Part,
 Nor less renown'd for Gratitude and Truth,
 Charm'd ev'ry Maid but her, who charm'd his Heart ;
 No Charms the Nymph's ungrateful Heart cou'd move,
 Ungrateful only, not returning Love.

XI.

In vain her Equals wou'd appear as fair,
 In vain with soft Enchantments lure the Boy;
 No other Object cou'd remove her Care,
 No other Love his eager Thoughts employ;
 She only cou'd appear, howe'er unkind,
 Fair to his Eyes, and lovely to his Mind.

XII.

Sometimes, neglected by the scornful Maid,
 Among the lonely rigid Rocks he went;
 Sometimes he hid him to the woodland Shade,
 And wait'd his Fate in dreary Discontent;
 Now distant Hopes arise, now instant Fears,
 He sees her absent, and her absent hears.

XIII.

Her chaste industrious Mind, her cold Distress,
 Her sweet attractive Air and matchless Bloom
 Distract his labring Soul; to sooth his Pain
 He sits and labours at the noisy Loom;
 For none the Shuttle thrill could better throw
 From Side to Side, to feed the Web below.

XIV.

Ah cruel Love! in vain thy Arts we shun,
 Ah wretched Youth! again thy Bosom burns;
 The Threads you weave were by her Fingers spun,
 And all thy Passion with thy Toil returns.
 Well is her Toil united to thy Art,
 How happy could you thus unite her Heart!

Now

(7)

XV.

Now sunk the Sun, and genial Night had cast
Her dusky Mantle o'er the broad-fac'd Earth,
When Swains expectful of the due Repast,
Forsook their Labours, and prepar'd for Mirth,
The Youth, slow-moving with the chearful Train,
Forsoakes his Labour, but renews his Pain.

XVI.

Nor due Repast, nor social Mirth affords
The least Remittance of his wayward Grief;
Nor Virgin Airs avail, nor balmy Words
Of dearest Friend, the Wretch's last Relief;
The Shades, which lull the Bond-man to Repose,
Add but a silent Horror to his Woes.

XVII.

Kind Sleep, the sweetest Nutriment bestow'd
By bounteous Providence to Men Earth-born,
Reviv'd all Creatures, but the Youth, who glow'd
With endless Love; his Cares prevent the Morn,
Which now, fresh-streaming from the sacred Springs
Of orient Day, restor'd the Face of Things.

XVIII.

To him the Light was dim, all Places drear
Without his Nymph; he flies his sad abode:
That Life she slighted was not worth his Care,
That hopeless Life was but a bitter Load:
Resolv'd in Death to prove his Passion true,
He seeks her now, to bid the last adieu.

Here

XIX.

Her soon he found; the busy Wheel she plies,
 To which, as fast she ply'd, she sweetly sung,
 Unwonted Wonder dims his swimming Eyes,
 And rising Sighs confound his falt'ring Tongue;
 All dewy pale he shudders thro' his Frame,
 As lately wak'd from some tumultuous Dream.

XX.

And now he stands as destitute of Sense,
 With Eyes full-fix'd upon the charming Maid,
 At humble Distance, fearful of Offence,
 While dawning Hopes around his Spirits play'd:
 However harsh the proud Possessors are,
 Beauty beheld forbids us to despair.

XXI.

O Virgin, fairest of thy Sex! he says,
 Why should I measure Life, if only born
 To woo the Maid, whose Cruelty repays
 My warmest Wishes with the coldest Scorn?
 That Face enrich'd with every heavenly Grace:
 Ah me, that ever I beheld that Face!

XXII.

Witness my joyless Days, my sleepless Nights,
 How dear to me, how very dear thou art,
 Witness the Woods and Vales and horrid Heights
 Of yon hard Rocks, yet softer than thy Heart!
 They shew'd a Face of Sadness at my Moans,
 Heard all my Complaints, and answer'd to my Groans.

O!

XXIII.

O! since my Life is but a dismal Gloom,
 Nor Vows, nor Tears, nor Gratitude can move
 Thy stony Heart, to mitigate my Doom,
 Receive the last sad Trial of my Love;
 When Clay-cold I am stretch'd upon the Bier,
 Thy ruthless Eyes perhaps may drop a Tear.

XXIV.

The Youth stood frantic, as resolv'd to die :
 A sudden Horror chill'd the Virgin's Blood,
 Compassion smiling in her tender Eye :
 A sudden Transport seiz'd him as he stood :
 Rash Youth, she cries, thy hasty Hand prevent,
 Lovers may live, and Maidens may relent.

XXV.

Live, and let Fortune be thy better Guide,
 Thy Love's Event depends upon thy Skill ;
 I prize thee much, and soon should be thy Bride,
 Had but my Choice depended on my Will ;
 For I am sworn no Youth shall ever Wed
 The spinning Maid, but he, who weaves this Thread.

XXVI.

The curious Temper of the Thread was such,
 Not finer that, which proud *Arachne* spun ;
 Not finer that, which, bootless to the Touch,
 Across the Meadows glistens in the Sun :
 Severe, but Oh ! what Task can be severe
 To Lover fond impos'd by Maiden fair ?

(10)

XXVII.

Hail Heav'nly Beauty, Source of Earthly Joys,
Whose vivid Rays the blackest Cares disperse,
By Love can build as fast, as ~~Love~~^{death} destroys, *death*
And bind in Peace the boundless Universe!
From thee, whatever Stoics may devise,
The noblest Deeds, the brightest Arts arise.

XXVIII.

The panting Lover from the Nymph retires,
Fast Home returning with the Virgin Spoil;
But oft he stops to see, and oft admires
Her curious Work, which must beget his Toil;
A thousand Doubts his busy Thoughts perplex,
To win or lose the fairest of her Sex.

XXIX.

It chanc'd, unconscious as he winds his Way
Close by the Margin of a Brook serene,
Near which the Nymphs their woven Cares display
To whiten, water'd on the sunny Plain,
To cool his Fever, of the Stream he drank,
Then sat to breathe upon the mossy Bank.

XXX.

Again he pants, impatient to behold
The precious Object of his ardent Cares,
His tender Hands the subtil Links unfold,
He looks, he wonders, and at last despairs,
Till down he sunk, thro' Sorrow void of Breath,
Aghast and stiff as in the Arms of Death.

The

XXXI.

The fragrant Winds, which flutter'd o'er the Glade,
 With Whispers mild his Spirits fled recall ;
 The cooler Stream, which wander'd thro' the Mead,
 Provokes his Slumbers with its gentle Fall,
 When, as he thought, descending from the Skies
 A venerable Matron greets his Eyes.

XXXII.

Her parted Locks in Golden Fillets bound
 Distinctly shone, her Looks divinely sage
 Spoke easy Mirth allay'd with Care profound,
 Unwasted Vigour, and a Bloom in Age,
 Redundant to her Feet her Garments flow,
 Far purer, whiter than the feather'd Snow.

XXXIII.

An Ivy-Wreath of ever-living Green,
 As nourish'd thence, around her Temples clung,
 An Alder-Harp of ancient Form, I ween,
 Across her Shoulders negligently hung,
 Whose hollow Womb nine pictur'd Nymphs embrace,
 Alike thro' sweet Diversities of Face.

XXXIV.

As she advanc'd, the Youth began to start,
 Like sick'ning Sinners at approaching Saints.
 Fear not, she said, sustain thy drooping Heart,
 I come no Stranger to thy mournful Plaints.
 Religious Horrors thro' his Bosom calm
 All ruder Passions ; for her Words were Balm.

Her

XXXV.

Her very Presence could avert Despair,
 The Youth transported trembles and admires;
 For never had he seen a Form so fair,
 Not her the Object of his fond Desires;
 Her Beams enlarge his Soul; with inward Eyes
 He sees, he reasons, and he thus replies.

XXXVI.

* O! if thine Ear the Tongue of mortal brooks,
 Whom shall I hail thee? not of Earthly Seed,
 Thy Words denote thee, nor those radiant Looks
 Of Earth's Allotment, O divine indeed!
 Or Saint or Angel be for ever blest,
 And ease the Anguish of a wretched Breast.

XXXVII.

O Youth, as yet to future Fortune blind!
 (Replies the Matron with a gentle Smile,)
 Her you behold, to whom high Heav'n assign'd
 The guardian Care of this once-famous Isle,
 For whose soft Ease my quiet I infest,
 Bless all her Arts, but thine above the rest.

* O quam te memorem, Virgo! namq; haud tibi vultus
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat. O Dea certe:
 Sis felix, nostrumq; leves quaecunq; laborem.

Virg. Æn. lib. 1.

Aloft

XXXVII.

*Aloft supported by this floating Lawn,
Thro' middle Air I steer my steady Flight,
And overlook, before the dapple Dawn,
Men's early Toils, unseen by human Sight:
At Ev'ning late I listen to their Pray'rs,
Or with this tuneful Harp amuse my Cares.*

XXXVIII.

*Deaf to the Sluggard's importuning Cries;
I grant th' Industrious what they never ask;
Pursue thy Toil, chaste Beauty be thy Prize,
Nor doubt Success however hard the Task.
Alas! says he, to weave a Thread so fine
Is not in Art, or if in Art, not mine.*

XXXIX.

*Say, can the Crystal's bright transparent Plane
Without a Taint the Virgin's Breath endure?
Say, can the Snow, soft Child of Heav'n serene,
Abide her lightest Touch, and yet be pure?
So may I finish what the Nymph begun,
My Art so triumph, and her Love be won.*

XL.

*Fear not, again the Matron sage reply'd,
To dart the Shuttle 'cross the parting Reed,
My self invisible shall be thy Guide;
So shall thy Art prevail, thy Love succeed:
Nor Beauty shall alone become thy Spoil,
A greater Glory yet attends thy Toil.*

LXI.

She said, and pausing from her shoulders took,
 With graceful Air, the Touch-obeying Lyre,
 The Notes she struck were sweeten'd by her Look,
 Her Voice attun'd to the prophetic Wire,
 The ravish'd Youth in deep Attention hung,
 With greedy Ears, while thus the Matron sung.

LXII.

To *William's* Heir, my Muse, exalt your Strains,
 That Prop of Peace, that Thunder-bolt of War,
 Already rising from *Batavia's* Plains
 To *Britain* see the bright *Nassavian* Star!
 He comes to lead our Royal *Anna* forth,
 Add Light to Light, and mingle Worth with Worth.

LXIII.

The spicy *East* her purest Tribute brings
 To breathe rich Incense on the Princely Fair;
 The Vows of Nations and the Faith of Kings:
 Demand the Nuptials of the happy Pair.
 Already faint the proud *Iberian* Pow'rs;
 Now trembles *Rome* beneath her nodding Tow'rs.

LXIV.

In long Procession, lo! the Rites begin,
 What God-like Pomp attends the Royal Bride,
 Without all beauteous, glorious all within,
 Majestic *Nassau* blooming by her Side!
 What hoary Chiefs his lineal Face explore,
 Who first saw *William* on *Britannia's* Shore!

LXV.

I see the gradual Glories of the Throne,
 The fond fraternal Youths, the shining Rank
 Of Royal Sisters into Beauty blown,
 Like *Dian's* Nymphs on fair *Urota's* Bank :
 How much in these the Mother's Sweetness shows !
 How much the Father's Majesty in those !

LXVI.

Now, *Nassau*, now to dignify the Scene,
 And crown thy Virtues with their high Reward,
 Great *George* appears, with Majesty serene,
 Not fierce and dreadful, as at *Audenard* ;
 * On his right Hand the matchless Queen behold * See the
 All bright with Gems, emblaz'd with woven Gold. *Psalms.*

LXVII.

Thus nurs'd by Nature's self-sufficient Care,
 A Forest blooms, whose Honours reach the Skies,
 Green Bays and branching Palms, and Poplars fair,
 And stately Pines in gay Disorder rise,
 With Oaks, beneath whose Kingly Patronage
 Shoot Plants the Wonder of a future Age.

LXVIII.

And now the Work of Providence is done,
 Behold the great paternal Monarch join
 Fair *Britain's* Daughter to *Batavia's* Son,
 And *Ister's* Laurels to the Wreaths of *Boyn* ;
 Hence States shall rise, hence free-born Senates bloom,
 And future Tyrants date their early Doom.

LXIX.

Ye noble Youths, in measur'd Steps advance
 To the clear Warblings of the mellow Flute,
 Ye honourable Maidens, tread the Dance,
 In lighter Mazes to the breathing Lute;
 Ye sweet Musicians, swell the Rapture high'r,
 Join the deep Organ to the vocal Choir.

L.

Ye Matrons, now the Regal Room adorn,
 Gay as the youthful Sun the Bridegroom comes,
 The Bride all lovely as the blushing Morn,
 Shed *Syrian* Odours, melt *Arabian* Gums;
 Ye Graces, light the *Hymeneal* Torch,
 Prepare the Bed; for Love is in the Porch.

LI.

To deck the Bed let various Nations vie,
 The *British* Fleece unfold its snowy Pride,
 The *Persian* Carpet blush the *Tyrian* Dye;
 Thy Web, *Hybernia* shall invest the Bride.
 This said, intent upon the double Prize,
 The raptur'd Youth awakes; the Vision flies.



The END.



